

Charles B. Moore
Editor

A BLOOMING FARCE.

THE MANNER IN WHICH ELECTIONS ARE RUN IN LEXINGTON.

Illustrated in the Circuit Court in the Trial of Messrs. Saffarans and Roberts—A Sweet-Scented State of Affairs—The Jury Rendered a Verdict of Acquittal in Two Minutes.

The farcical character of the elections held in Lexington was never better illustrated than in the trial to-day of D. B. Saffarans and Charles Roberts for frauds in Duck's precinct at the last August election, when John J. Sullivan was counted in over Letcher Lusk by City Marshal.

Dan Saffarans was Sheriff and Chas. Roberts a judge at this election and were tried together, William McNamara, clerk, and Dan Scott, the other judge, asking for separate trials.

Messrs. Wellington Payne, B. P. Carpenter, S. B. Hayman, W. E. Hibler, and L. P. Young swore upon the stand that they did not vote for Sullivan; that they did not know he was a candidate, and that his name was not on the tally sheet when they voted.

The tally sheet, signed and certified to under the oaths of the defendants as officers of election, was offered in evidence, and showed that all of these gentlemen were recorded as voting for John J. Sullivan for City Marshal.

Dan Scott and Dan Saffarans testified that B. J. Welch, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, called at the voting place about 10 o'clock on the day of the election and instructed the officers to place the name of John J. Sullivan on the tally sheet for City Marshal.

The polls had been open long enough for the clerk to fill about one page with the names of voters, none of whom were recorded as voting for any candidate for City Marshal.

Some later, according to the testimony of Saffarans and Roberts, Mr. Welch returned, and pointing to the first page of names said in substance: "Boys, fill up that page for Sullivan, and make him equal with the Democratic ticket."

William McNamara, the clerk, was put on the stand, but he could not remember anything about the election. He did not even know whether it was in August. He did not remember whether Sullivan's name was put on before or after the polls opened, and could not tell the jury by what authority men were recorded as voting for Sullivan who did not know he was a candidate, and who would have taken great pleasure in voting against him had they been consulted.

The poll-books were shown him and headlitted Messrs. Payne, Young, Carpenter, Hibler and Hayman were recorded in his handwriting as voting for Sullivan for City Marshal, although these men testified on oath that they did not so vote.

Mr. Roberts, one of the defendants, testified that he had never acted as judge before; that he had been forced to serve against his will, and that he signed the poll-book in good faith without examining it to see if the clerk had properly recorded the votes. He said he had not taken any part in falsifying the record, and had signed the sheet as a matter of form, supposing everything was all right. He had heard Mr. Welch give his instructions, but said he did not know that the clerk had committed any fraud.

Mr. Saffarans said he had been acting as an officer of elections for twenty-five years, and had never known of a case of a judge or sheriff examining the poll-books to see whether everything was all right before signing and certifying to the record.

E. B. Hayman testified that as he went to vote Mr. Saffarans said: "Come in, we've got some good Democrats for you to vote for." "I went inside," said Mr. Hayman, "and looked over the book to see who were running. I indicated who I wanted to vote for, and an sure Mr. Sullivan's name was not on the tally-sheet, and was not voted for by me."

McNamara, on cross-examination by Judge Jewell, said he supposed when the chairman of the Democratic Central Committee ordered him to put Sullivan's name on the ticket he thought that was enough authority for recording all Democrats for him.

Mr. Watts Parker, in his statement to the jury for the defense, contended that the officers of election had intended no fraud in carrying out the order of Mr. Welch to run Sullivan even with the Democratic ticket. He said that the judges had committed no crime in permitting the clerk to enter up all the Democrats as voting for Sullivan; especially as there was but one candidate running at the time. He admitted that the conduct of the officers was technically wrong, but

denied that any criminal act had been committed.

If there is no wrong in deliberately falsifying the record of an election when but one candidate is running, why not do away with general elections and authorize the Democratic Committee to carry out the will of the Democratic primaries and declare who are elected.

Messrs. Jewell and Parker claimed in substance that no great harm was done in taking it for granted that men voting the straight Democratic ticket would have voted for Sullivan, and so recording them without authority.

Conceding this remarkable claim, how do the able attorneys justify Clerk McNamara for recording and the judges for permitting him to record Republicans like E. B. Hayman and B. P. Carpenter, and a Prohibitionist like W. E. Hibler for Sullivan?

In the case of Mr. Hibler the outrage was more inexcusable than in the other cases, as the claim cannot be made that his vote was entered for Sullivan in the haste of recording him for other candidates.

As a matter of fact, he expressly stated that he did not want to vote on anything but the turnpike question, and yet he is recorded by Clerk McNamara as voting for John J. Sullivan.

Colonel John R. Allen, who conducted the prosecution, submitted the case without argument, and the defense did likewise.

The jury, after an absence of two minutes, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Colonel Allen, in view of the failure to convict Saffarans and Roberts, moved that the cases against McNamara and Scott be filed away.

Judge Morton announced that he would take the matter under advisement.

Good citizens of all political parties have been watching for the trial of these cases with much interest, and hope that every man concerned in the notorious election frauds of last August will be prosecuted "to a finish."

The testimony offered to-day in the cases against Saffarans and Roberts proved that they made no effort to prevent frauds, but it was not nearly so conclusive as against William McNamara, the clerk, who admits recording the fraudulent votes.

A vigorous prosecution of every case might result in sending a few election officers to the penitentiary, and the honest people of Lexington hope that no efforts will be spared to bring every offender to a speedy trial.

In the interest of justice, Colonel Allen ought to withdraw his motion to file away. As matters stand the Colonel may not be able to secure any convictions, but he can by a determined prosecution of every indicted officer check the tendency to election crimes.

What A Lexington man says About Liquor in Florida.

Mr. B. F. Williams, one of the prominent citizens of this city is a total abstainer and a good friend to the Blade. He spent last winter in extreme Southern Florida and was telling me the other day about the liquor drinking sentiment down there.

He is fond of fishing and spent a good part of his time at that sport.

He says the first day he went fishing he caught a great quantity of bass and speckled trout such as we prize so highly here.

He came back to his hotel and sent a negro for them with a wheelbarrow. They used all of his fish to manure cocoanut trees, and ate tarpon that they thought much better. (He is not a fish liar.) He said he noticed that in the town where he was staying and where his hotel was "four times as big as the Phoenix Hotel here" he never saw a saloon, and never saw a man drunk and never saw, or heard, a case of any kind of disorder.

He said that, just to see if there was any arrangement for getting any whiskey in the town, he went to the hotel clerk and asked him where he could get some. The clerk told him of a certain house in the city that had rooms in its basement, and said that if he would go to room No. 7 in that basement he thought a rather elderly gentleman, as Mr. Williams was, could get it. He did not go to see.

Another Lexington man, one of our good citizens, had gone to Florida with him, and with the usual Kentucky forethought, that guards against rattle-snake bites, regardless of the direction or season of the year in which he goes, had taken along a quart.

Mr. Williams asked him if he could give him a drink. He said yes, but that he was nearly out, and had not been able to get his flask filled anywhere down there.

Mr. Williams then met a professional deer hunter, from whom, by the way, he could buy a nice deer for a dollar. He asked this hunter if he could give him a drink of whiskey, or tell him where he could get some. The hunter could not do either. Isn't there danger of rattle-snake bites here?

asked Mr. Williams. "Yes, they kill my dogs sometimes" said the hunter. "What do you do for rattle snake bites here?" "Why, we use chlorate of potash, and wear thick leggings like these," said the hunter.

Here in Kentucky we have a way of saying that in the North where the people are fish-blooded, and phlegmatic they do not incline to stimulants, but that the warm, generous, impulsive, whole-souled nature of the true Southern makes it just as natural for him to drink liquor as it is for a duck to go barefooted. But the fact is that while Kentucky is only separated by a river from these Northern cold bloods, Florida is the extreme limit of the South.

The explanation is that it is simply a lack of brains and proper home training among our people, that makes them want liquor.

The aristocratic young sap heads of our cities drink whisky because they think it is smart, and because they do not know enough to entertain themselves intellectually, and the country boys do it because they think the town boys know it all.

There's many a young man about here who drinks whisky as a cloak for his ignorance and stupidity.

He has found out his lack of brains and education and uses whisky simply to disguise the fact, by trying to convey the impression that he would be a genius if he did not have the fashionable failing of tony society.

It is here just as it is elsewhere. When a young man has been properly reared, and has proper appreciation of what constitutes the dignity of manhood, he is, in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky, just what such men are elsewhere, and is living a moral life, and does not regard the drinking of whisky as the proper thing for him.

When the respectable and intelligent country element of our people who have no reason for fear the saloon and distillery boycott, assert the dignity of their family standing and self respect, and crush out this whisky drinking element that has charge of the politics of this state, it will be just like it is in Florida. If men here retain their fear of snakes, either of the literal or jim-jam variety, they will find that chlorate of potash is as effectual as whisky, and the coruscating scintillating, sky scraping flights of Kentucky genius, it will be found, can shake its thirst at the natural fountains of the earth, as the greatest heroes of antiquity have done, and the greatest of modern thinkers are doing, and it will not be found necessary to fill up on Kentucky butt head in order to show the immense difference between the 47 per cent high protective tariff of the Republicans and the 42 per cent of low tariff for revenue only, of the Democrats.

There is one advantage however to the Democrats in having both the Democratic orator and his audience pretty well filled with whisky, that even as a defendant of Prohibition I am bound to admit; and that is that no thoroughly sober man can see any difference between the Democrats and the Republicans.

The greatest issue before the people is the liquor question, involving more of finance and political competency and integrity than all other issues put together, and the two old parties are perfectly agreed upon that, the only difference being that the Democrats are honest enough to admit their devotion to the liquor traffic, while the Republicans deny it, and lie about it.

The next in importance is the tariff question. On this point they are so near together that the difference is merely nominal. The most advanced thought of the country is against any tariff and it is forcing the Republicans down and down, while the Democrats, who really want free trade and have not the courage to say it, are simply heading off the Republicans by keeping just so far below them as will keep the Republicans from cutting under them, while the Democrats will keep just a little nearer to the people, as the last Congressional election showed, by keeping just a little closer to free trade.

There is no sentiment about this; it is simply a fact that a "protective tariff" is for the benefit of the "upper ten" while free trade is for the lower million, and of course the masses are going to vote to suit themselves, which is free trade, or the nearest to it that they can get.

The thing that the people are getting to understand is that a y kind of a tariff is a protective tariff, and that it is only more or less protective as it is high or low.

You hear the Democrats clamoring for a tariff which is for revenue only, and with the power in their hands, they have decided

that 42 per cent, say, is the general average of duty on imports that is necessary to raise the revenue for the government.

But if the Republicans should reduce it to 40 per cent, you would at once find that the Democrats would drop to 35 per cent, and so on down, the Democrats declaring for free trade whenever the Republicans reduced the tariff to 5 per cent.

The word "protective" simply refers to the protection of the great Northern capitalists and manufacturers, and "free trade" means that a man shall be free to go into the marts and markets of the world, and spend his money where he can get the most and best for it, which, it seems to me, ought to be just as truly one of the inalienable rights of a free citizen as that of life, liberty, the possession of property or the pursuit of happiness.

Ex-Governor John P. St. John, who will almost certainly be the next Prohibition candidate for the Presidency, is now speaking throughout the United States and advocates free trade.

So that the only perfection of the only laudable principle in Democracy is found in the Prohibition party.

"What's the Matter Anyhow?"

CHICAGO, ILL., May 26, '91.

Dear Bro: The Blade of last Saturday (23rd) has not yet been received, please send me a copy and oblige Yours &c,

R. H. SMITH, 1515 Wabash Avenue

P. S. What's the matter anyhow? Paper never gets here until the middle of the following week, and sometimes not at all.

Str up P. O. Authorities please.

What's the matter with your old shebang, Bro. Howard?

If you don't run that thing right, and stop this kicking, you can't get to be mail carrier when we Prohibitionists get charge of things.

We are going to have women to run that office and we won't have any of this kind of racket.

"Could Almost see the Shining Shore".

812 W. MARKET ST., RICHMOND, VA., May 26, 1891.

Dear Moore: What's the matter? The last Blade that came to my address is dated May 9. Please send me May 16 and 23. Don't overlook my name again, for I enjoy reading your articles.

I have been sick for four weeks, and have been deprived of the pleasure of reading anything until yesterday.

My brother and I have been down to the parting of the waters. We could almost see the shining shore. We could almost hear the angels sing.

We are getting well. God has a good work for us to do. Oh, it is a grand and glorious thing to be a Christian. God bless you.

Yours truly,

L. A. CUTLER.

"Consecrated" Ladies in Dog Fennel.

One of the "sanctification" preachers held a distracted meeting in Dog Fennel not long ago, and he has lately alluded to two of our Dog Fennel matrons as "consecrated women."

One of them we all recognize as being as "consecrated" as the dickens, but in the case of the other one, the natives say they can't see it, and it has afforded our ladies some amusement at her expense.

He Believes the Blade Will Strengthen the Churches.

HINDON, KY., May 26, 1891.

Mr. Charles C. Moore, DEAR SIR—Please find inclosed \$1.00 for which you may continue to send me the Blade one year. As I am a poor man you may put me on that list.

I appreciate your valuable paper very much and think it will advance the cause of Prohibition and also strengthen the churches.

I hope it will be the means of bringing the many Pharisees that are in the churches at the present day down to a more humble position.

Wishing you and the Blade success, I remain

Yours very truly, JAMES H. RAWLINS.

Morals From "The Worker"—(Prohibition) Centerville, Kentucky.

We hold that Moore of The Blue Grass Blade has, and is, demonstrating to the world that a radical change is going on in the Blue grass region. Expectation was on tip-toe that he would have been rotten-egged, cowhided, pistolled or knifed if not killed long before now for his fearless, plainness of speech. Now such expectations have gone to sleep and could not be aroused to take such a bet with big odds.

The Blade is having a time proving that the Somerset Reporter is not a Prohibition paper. The difficulty is not simply "in affirming a negative" but it is a clear case of Blade vs. Blade. The Voice copied a paragraph from the Blade stating that there were four other Prohibition papers in Kentucky. The Blade recopies and denies that the Reporter is one. The Worker is appealed to to umpire the game. Here's our decision. As the Blade has affirmed both sides of the question we will call it "a draw" so far as The Blade is concerned. But from the Reporter's pages of several issues we have received, we concluded that if it is a Prohibition paper it is not doing much at the business. In fact it claims to be and is simply a good county paper, non-partisan, while its editor personally is a Prohibitionist.

We have left the Worker, the Southern Journal and the Blade; and the greatest of these is the—the—. Wouldn't fill it up for a spring chicken.

The National Committee has persuaded The Blade to engage regularly its patent Prohibition matter. We wondered how Moore would solve the problem for he now hasn't elbow room for his own pen in its pages. He edits it like Harper run his race horse, "from end to end." The man or woman is highly favored who gets anything in it except an advertisement. But Moore is equal to the emergency. He simply makes the Blade bigger. If they double up patent matter he will make it, no doubt still bigger. If we remember aright, he once ran the biggest paper in Kentucky at Midway. But he has our consent. We can skip the patent matter and have as much more as of yore.

Wouldn't I be glad if that last sentence in that first item were true.

The second item appears in The Worker under the head "Three Strikes and out." I am satisfied with his "judgment" between the Reporter and me. He sizes the status up exactly right, only I would have said that a man who can edit a non-partisan paper now is a mighty poor shake for a Prohibitionist. But Bro. Neal is an olive branch man, and I reckon we need a little olive oil on the troubled waters.

About the "patent matter" in the Blade; if Bro. Neal calls the Prohibition news that is furnished by the Prohibition National Executive Committee under the management of Secretary J. Lloyd Thomas, "patent matter," simply because the committee has arranged to send it to papers cheap and in "plate," then it's all right. But I would not like for any one who had never seen the Blade to suppose from Bro. Neal's reference that I had in it any of this three-legged chicken, patent corn oil, meet-me-by-moonlight-alone stuff.

I wish, by the way that Bro. Neal would enlarge his paper (you will notice that I did not say your "valuable paper," newspaper men are sometimes pretty hard on each other, but they always draw the line at that irony) so as to make it take in the National Committee's "biler plate."

I like his editorials, especially those that give me taffy and hit a side swipe at the Somerset Reporter.

I've got to kick just a little against that statement of Bro. Neal's that "The man or woman is highly favored who gets anything in it but an advertisement."

I believe he will remember that I have printed a standing invitation to ladies to contribute anything they wanted to write to the Blade, and they have done so, and I believe that in printing them I am supported by many fine people in saying that I have published some of the best articles that ever appeared in any newspaper in Kentucky.

My own nephew who won a prize at a Chautauqua contest last year, a son of Ex-Lieut. Gov. Cantrill, was at my house in the country the other day, and in commenting on the paper said he

"liked those pieces of Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Clark," and I then he stopped and didn't have another comment to make on the paper, and I have heard that same racket from so many people that I am sorter getting tired of it, and am thinking about shutting down on those two ladies, and "graduating" them like they do some fine horses that have taken so many premiums that the others will not show against them.

As far as I can now recall I have declined to publish only two original articles sent to me over female signatures.

One of them, I had an intimation was a forgery, being, in reality, from a man, and the other was some of the very nicest and freshest country poetry, so eulogistic of me that my distinguished modesty would not allow me to print it while I live, but I have got it stored away in my literary effects to be stuck on to the end my obituary if I should die in the Spring time.

As for the men if they have not written in the Blade as long-winded as I have, it's because they broke down in trying to do so, or their paper gave out or something, for they have aired their views on matters and things, just like printer's ink didn't cost any more than this black stuff that they pour down between the bricks in making our new brick streets.

It is a fact however that I have not paid the attention to my advertisement department that my limited exchequer would suggest that I ought to do.

Bro. Neal himself sent me an advertisement two months ago that I have overlooked clear until this day. He told me to insert it and send him the bill, and there was not a word said about special rates to editors.

This was a great compliment too, for it was a nice advertisement; the only kind that can get into the Blade.

So if you see anything advertised in the Blade you had better send and get some of it, for it's all hunky.

To make amends for this dereliction in attending to Bro. Neal's advertising business, the manuscript of which is hopelessly lost in an avalanche of other papers, I will produce it as best I can from memory and it shan't cost you a penny a nickel.

The gist of Bro. Neal's advertisement was that he had two books for sale—one for the body and the other for the soul.

The one for the body is "Hall's Health Pamphlet." I don't know whether you take it internally or rub it on the back of your neck, but there are directions with every bottle, and it's all right or Bro. Neal would not say so.

The Book for the soul is "Ancient Unbelievers." It was written by Alexander Campbell, and that settles it.

It takes up Celsus and Porphyry and Julian and Josephus and Tacitus and Suetonius and Pliny and Lucien and Epictetus and all those old heretical sneezers, and they knock old Bob Ingersoll higher than a kite; and if somebody would just catch him and hold him and read a few pages of it to him he would be a Methodist (or Presbyterian I forget which) preacher in a year like his old day was.

Write to Bro. Neal for further particulars.

How the Ladies Kindly Spread the Prohibition Talk.

HIDAWAY, MONDAY MAY 25, (PARIS, KY.)

Mr. C. C. Moore, Last week's issue of the B. G. B. has not reached me, much to my regret as a friend visiting me is anxious to see it.

Find enclosed 5cts. for another copy of preceding number.

I never destroy one of your papers, but circulate each copy after reading.

Your witticisms are very telling, and draw attention to the paper from those not specially interested in Prohibition.

I have resolved that at least 52 families besides my own shall read your paper during the year.

Respectfully,

Mrs. WILLIAM MASSIE.

That's all a real sweet and kind note, but the thing in it that gets nearest to my heart is her appreciation of my jokes.

If people only knew how I labor with those jokes I think more of them would have the kindness to laugh at them.

I would rather be a funny man than almost anything.

I would rather be it than be pious even, or almost anything else except rich.

A FEW QUOTATIONS UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Cotton Vests at 10, 12½, 20 and 25c. Ladies' Lisle Vests at 40 and 50c. An all-silk vest at 65c. Children's Gauze Vests from 15 to 50c. Boys' Drawers from 35 to 50c. Men's Gauze Shirts from 50 to 75c. Men's Gauze Drawers from 50 to 75c.

HOSIERY.

Best 10c Hosiery in the city. We beat the world on 25c fast black hose for ladies and children. Better ones at 35, 50 and 75c. A handsome line of Lisle Hosiery for Ladies, gents and children. A splendid fast black half hose for 25c.

SWISS FLOUNCINGS.

A brand new stock of new and pretty designs at prices which cannot be duplicated. Misses' Flouncings at 35, 40 to \$1 25. Ladies' Flouncings at 50, 65c, \$1 to \$2. We only ask that you come and see the goods for yourself.

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The Popular Notion Store, No. 7 W. Main Street.

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Manufacturers of

FINE SADDLES & HARNESS,

RACE AND RING EQUIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.

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20c. THE DAILY COURIER JOURNAL.

THE LOUISVILLE TIMES, 10 CENTS PER WEEK.

Will be delivered at your residence every day for 20c. per week

or 25c. per week for Daily and Sunday. Give your order to

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130 EAST MAIN STREET.

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Kaufman, Straus & Co.,

12 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

Early Spring Woolen Dress Material.
Novelty Suitings, the rarest and choicest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c. to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettas just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS.

Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Gingham, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are noted at 30c.; we have marked them at 20c. per yard. A full line of Dress Gingham, in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c.; our price is 10c.

LADIES'